

## Iron County Register

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E. D. AKE, : : : : : EDITOR.

VOLUME XXVII. NUMBER 34.

IRONTON, MO.  
THURSDAY, FEB. 22, 1894.

### Announcement.

We are authorized to announce J. A. SEGNER as a candidate for Marshal of the City of Ironton at the coming election, to be held Tuesday, April 3d, 1894.

### LOCAL BREVITIES.

The "Dealer" is onto his job. "Two for a nickel." "Only a feeler."

We understand that the Conference School is still, *statu quo ante*. Stet.

Heavy rains Saturday, followed by clear, cold weather Sunday and Monday.

Jim. Clark has his eye on the post office. Are you looking for a valentine, Jim?

J. N. Bishop says he has "quit." What is it, Noble, that you have abandoned?

Business is very slack. What is the matter with the McKinley bill and its promised blessings?

To-morrow (Thursday) is Washington's birthday, and is a legal holiday for schools and public offices.

Pink McCarver says it is not true—that the girl is fooling us. Is certain he has not kissed any one for a year.

Our old friend, Isaac Johnson, gave us a call last Friday. While his health is not very good, his smile and handshake is of yore.

The school board has recently had the school house thoroughly cleaned and renovated—a hygienic necessity. Thanks, gentlemen.

There is a dispute going on at the court house. The boys cannot decide on the date for hanging out the shingle. "Premises to let."

Capt. Byers was on the streets Monday, adorned with a new silk tie. You cannot "gild refined gold, or paint the lily." What now, Captain?

The base ball season will soon be here. Boys, get out your bats and balls and go to work, or you will not be able to tackle Farmington.

Rev. Fleming, of Fredericktown, preached Sunday morning and night at the Baptist Church for Rev. Shoush, who is conducting a revival at Bismarck.

Saint Valentine's day was an unusually busy one in the post office. About six hundred of these messages of love and hate passed through the office, and the end is not yet.

Mann Ringo returned to Ironton Saturday last. He wore, chiefly, a broad smile, that will broaden when he hears from the action of the Senate, and receives his notice of appointment.

Fairchild wishes it distinctly understood that when he is appointed Justice of the Peace, his court will be a "Court of Record." It will be well for A. Begley to "fight shy" of that court.

Reports from all parts of the country say that the recent cold spell has very seriously damaged the fruit prospect—especially peaches and small fruit. The apple crop is thought to be uninjured as yet.

The following notice was received by us this (Tuesday) evening: "The Farmington Baptist College took their last evening about 8 P. M., and is now in ashes. We must rebuild somewhere; Ironton should try for it. F. M. SHOUSE."

The editor is in receipt of an invitation to attend the birthday party of Miss Beattie E. Leech, 1429 Harrison street, Kansas City, February 6th. It is the young lady's eighth birthday, and we would like to be present, if it wasn't so far away.

From what we hear, candidates for Marshal of the city of Ironton at the coming election, will be thick as "leaves in the vale of Volambrosa." We will have plenty of material from which to make a selection. All can vote for the best man.

Mrs. Leese, the Kansas politician, avers that she is a Mason. She wears the badges of the Blue Lodge and Chapter; and contends that she is entitled to all the rights and privileges of Masonry. How lucky, those who witnessed her initiation!

We learn of trouble in Ironton Saturday night. Mitchell is trying to redeem himself. Corbett knocked him out, but it does not follow that every one can do so. He lubricated a burning "Ache," Saturday night. Jeff, be careful how you trifle, in the future, with science.

Wes Evans of Mill Spring, Wayne county, Mo., was in Ironton Saturday on business. Mr. Evans formerly lived in Iron county, but had not been in Ironton for many years. While time has written a few wrinkles on his face, and silvered his hair, it has not changed his jovial disposition.

St. Valentine's day has come and gone. To some it left joy; to others sadness. One of our citizens received a Valentine that ruffled his feelings, somewhat. He does not understand the design of the special artist. He cannot determine whether it means "ante" or "jack-pot." If discovered, the sender may have trouble.

We seem to have lost the college, now why not organize a stock company and rebuild the burnt district. It will pay and add more to the material prosperity of the city than all the hotel schemes we have been figuring on for years, and besides, there is no better location for a hotel than this district. Build up the block with business houses on the first and second floors. The first floor will be benefited. The history of all hard times proves that we will surely have a revival of business and era of prosperity. Let us prepare to direct it to our midst.

### Acacia Items.

E. D. Ake, the owner of the REGISTER, is in Marianna, Arkansas. He has purchased a newspaper at that place. His son, F. P. Ake, will take charge, and we predict that the people of that section will be well pleased with the editor and paper. Frank is able to give them a good newspaper, and we are satisfied he will do it. May success attend the venture.

Deputy U. S. Marshal Nail reached Ironton last Thursday afternoon having in custody Hillier Waldner. Mr. Waldner is a merchant at Edge Hill, Reynolds county, and has been arrested for alleged violation of Internal Revenue Laws. He gave bond to appear before U. S. Commissioner Fox on February 23, 1894, when a preliminary examination will be held. The result will be duly chronicled.

Sunday evening two strangers on horseback came down Main Street from the direction of Pilot Knob. One of them appeared to be very much under the influence. He was red eyed and frothing at the mouth. He reined his horse up to the sidewalk and accosted a citizen who told him to move on. The stranger, however, persisted in being heard until a crossing was reached when he reined his horse squarely across the sidewalk. Just then the Mayor came out of the Register office and the citizen called to him and asked if the Marshal was in there, whereupon the stranger straightened up under his load, put spurs to his horse and sped down the street, up an alley and out of town through a side street. The last seen of him he was ascending the hill through Russellville with his friend in hot pursuit.

Some of the citizens in the western part of Ironton love a morning "nap." They think an hour stolen from the coming day and devoted to balmy sleep, is a good investment. At present there is trouble in that part of the city. The slumbers of these good citizens have been rudely broken by a restless individual, who insists on early rifle practice. His target seems to be melancholy dogs and lonesome cats; and every morning, between the hours of five and six o'clock, he makes his grand rounds. The crack of his rifle, mingled with the howls and cries of his victims, are not calculated to induce slumber. One morning last week, the Mayor of the city was an eye witness to this individuals antics. Complaint is to be made, and when this party comes before "His Honor" short will be the trial, and long the penance of the sinner. Ruthless, reckless mortal beware!

We understand that there was quite a commotion at the M. E. Church, colored, last Thursday night. The colored preacher, Lockwood, was imbued with the proselyting spirit. After exhorting on the littleness of this fleeting life and the beatitude of our heavenly home, he invited all who were ready to go to heaven to arise. Every woman in the house at once arose to her feet, but not a man responded. It was clearly evident that the masculine portion of the congregation were not traveling in that direction. Either the walking was bad or their spirits were oppressed. They had either little faith in the transportation or the rates were not satisfactory. The preacher appeared amazed at the lack of religious vigor. Glancing again over the assembly in the vain hope that at least one man would accept the offer, he arose with some anger and hurled his anathemas at the colored preacher. He called them "hypocrites," "whited sepulchres," "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." At last his remarks became as irritating as a fly to a bald head. At this juncture, Bro. Sol. Lax arose and took issue with the preacher, and wished to show the injustice of the accusation; but Lockwood disdainfully waived him aside, and told him to leave. He would not discuss the matter with Bro. Lax. His remarks were true and therefore irrevocable. Lax remained after service to discuss the question, but he was unable to do so. The preacher would not be persuaded. The end is not yet; unless some means can be adopted to pour the "oil of joy" on the troubled waters.

Card of Thanks.

IRONTON, Mo., February 19, 1894.

Ed. Register.—The Postmaster desires to return thanks to gentlemen patrons of the office for the considerate manner in which they regard the regulation "No smoking." This is not an arbitrary rule of the Postmaster, as some would like to regard it, for smoking is not particularly offensive to him. But there are people, ladies and gentlemen—patrons of the office, too—to whom a room full of tobacco fumes is an unpleasant place to enter. These having made complaint, it was deemed not unreasonable to ask smokers to excuse their cigars or pipes while transacting business in the room.

A. F. VANCE, Postmaster.

The Latest News is

That Mart. Claybaugh has built several hundred feet of fence before breakfast this winter.

That Charley Jones has been seen in Ironton.

That Charley Denby and his mackintosh are seen on our streets.

That the man who sent the "voluntime" is still here.

That the smiling face of "Flunkney" is still reflected in the "REGISTER's" glass.

That the candidates for Marshal are around with five ounce gloves on, shaking hands.

That a syndicate is about to purchase the "burnt district" for base ball grounds.

That you cannot get five chances for a nickel in a "Jack pot."

That Squire Fairchild is studying "Kelly" and "Blackstone."

That the "voluntime" fender has gone into his hole until next season.

That our farmers should educate their hons to lay more fruit.

That the new Pension Commissioner is silently making his rounds.

That this is the right season of the year to get all the news. Subscribe for the IRON COUNTY REGISTER.

That our City Council should order a few dormant shovels with a little elbow grease on the "gutters."

That the "go as you please" race for prosecuting attorney, has caused all the candidates to go into training with "lip salve" and hand shaking.

### Arcadia Items.

W. J. Evans, of Mill Springs, was in this town Saturday and Sunday. T. J. Clifford registered at the Cottage Hotel Sunday.

Louis Miller has purchased the old May property. It has been a eye sore to our people for some time, but now every one is delighted, for we know it will soon be fresh and blooming.

Joe Keyburn is quite sick with the mumps.

R. H. Jones, of Kennett, was in this place last week.

Two young ladies from Poplar Bluff have rented Mr. Miller's new cottage.

Miss M. C. Baird went to St. Louis Tuesday.

Ferd. Immer, Jr., is assistant telegraph operator.

Hon. Joel Holloman, of Hogan, was on our streets last week.

Patrick O'Brien is brakeman on the accommodation; Mr. Lewis was removed.

February 20th, 1894.

From Des Arc.

We are having rain, rain; and it is making bad roads for the saw mills.

Rev. Isaac Law preached here today. Rev. Holleburton will hold quarterly conference at the M. E. Church tonight.

Geo. Morris and family, including Miss Bessie Morris, one of Iron county's belles, is visiting our town today from Scatterville.

Mrs. Homan, the agents wife, presented her husband with a fine ten pound boy on the 15th. All are doing well. Ed. is awful proud to think he can call papa.

Flynn Sullivan is quite sick again.

Mrs. C. Collins returned home to Sabula today.

There will be an entertainment at our schoolhouse on February 22, by the teachers and scholars. All are invited.

A new county road is to be opened from here to Piedmont in the near future, which will be a very great convenience to the people of this section.

Feb. 18, 1894. ISAAC.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding these organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c, at Crisp's Drug Store.

From Annapolis.

Ed. Register.—Your correspondent was misinformed with regard to Henry Abrams twins; there was but one, but it was a fine boy and we congratulate Mr. A.

Esq. Hampton and Constable Sisk went to Sabula last Monday to investigate the rumor that the unknown man found there, was murdered, and he intended, if there was sufficient ground to order the body taken up and a post mortem examination. But strange as it may seem, the only grounds upon which to found a case were coffee grounds. Yes, Mr. Editor, the whole thing hinged upon a few grounds in a coffee cup. This is how it happened:

A certain old gentleman, who goes into the dim distant future through a dirty coffee cup, in the course of his worldly research, discovered that the dead man had been murdered by four men, and that one of them had left the town and that the other three were still in the bailiwick. This wonderful case communicated his farfetched coffee ground knowledge to one, John Francis, and John told his brother Frank Francis, (also known as Sam Hilderbrand), and Sam gave out that he was in possession of the most damnable evidence, the source of which he kept a profound secret until put on the stand. When, lo, and behold, the grounds upon which he founded his evidence were slowly ground out of him and proved to be coffee grounds, pure and simple. And—well—it proved something else; it proved also that the fool killer is off duty. There are but two theories upon which "Murphy" can account for the death of this man, and these are murder and starvation. The fact that there were indications that the body had been dragged some twenty-five or thirty feet from where it first lay, proves to my mind that the man, in his weakness attempted to rise and in his struggles worked along down the hill, or that the body was dragged after death by some interested party.

Brakeman James Castool had his face severely cut by being thrown through a caboose window by the sudden stopping of the train at Piedmont one day last week. The train had parted and the rear end collided with the head end.

The forces were reduced on the section here Tuesday last; there are only three men on the track now.

W. A. Simpson, J. S. Benson and Wm. Towl went to Lutesville last week, to attend the Southeast Missouri Association of the Odd Fellows' Convention. Simpson and Benson returned, but Will stopped off at Marquand to hunt a few days.

Geo. Moore is acting as agent at Sabula; he boards in Annapolis.

G. M. Downs will start for Florida one day next week, where he hopes to regain his shattered health. He will go direct to Puntagorda.

Esq. Hampton will shortly return to Annapolis from his farm.

Dr. Miner was to have returned from Virginia last night, but we have not heard whether he arrived or not.

Wm. Copeland and Walter Strathair, of Sabula, were in town today.

Feb. 18, 1894. MURPHY.

Joseph V. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but says none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale by Mrs. P. R. Crisp, drug store.

### Awarded Highest Honors World's Fair.

# DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

### From Middlebrook.

Ed. Register.—As there has been no correspondence from this place for some time, I don't think it would be amiss to send you a few of the latest items.

We are informed that F. Rodach will put up a crusher on his plantation between Middlebrook and Pilot Knob; he is also building a new wire fence.

Middlebrook is growing every day.

Max Houk was all smiles last week; his old sweetheart was in town a few days.

Miss Mary Virdes, of Flat River, was the guest of Miss Johanna Salling last week.

Mr. M. Seitz has not been afflicted with rheumatism since his last trip to Farmington.

Geo. Blanks has resigned his position as wood butcher, and is going to parts unknown. K. Taylor is his successor.

Boys, you had better lay low if you wish to come out whole, for "Red Bill" is on the war path.

The happiest man in this town is H. Seitz, over the advent of a baby girl, that made its appearance four weeks ago.

Some of our town boys have organized a theatrical club, and will give us a little amusement before long.

By ONE OF THE DUTCH.

From Sabula.

Ed. Register.—Many of us at this place and Glover read your valuable paper, and always the first thing when the mail arrives is to see the local news in the REGISTER.

You have your regular correspondents from the different points, but Sabula and Glover seem to be left out for want of a writer. What I am not in the habit of writing for the paper, but as the weather is cold and I remain mostly in doors I concluded to give you a few items.

Business is progressing very slowly. Messrs. Coleman, Buford and Soeggin have each a saw mill, but not a one is running very strong I don't think. The most of the business being done, however, is getting out railroad ties. J. W. Whitworth has contracted for some.

The people in this part are very industrious; when not at work on the farm they take their teams and haul saw logs. By this means they always have plenty to do in the work line.

Mr. Soeggin works quite a good many men, and, seemingly, pushing back forward and right along just as though some other man was president.

I don't think Mr. Buford is working as many men as usual, but learn he keeps a few men at the mill, and uses three or four on his farm at Crane Pond. It is said he is fixing up his farm with the intention of taking a "wider" but "Jim" says people talk any way now-a-days, but I am sure little does he care for their talk.

I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend, Jonathan Millburn, the other day. I saw him coming at a long distance, but at first could not think who he was; he had a shot gun on his shoulder and other necessary equipment for war, and that being the first time I ever saw him carrying shooting irons, it puzzled me. When he got nearer, though, I saw at once it was my old, old friend. After a hearty shake, I inquired of him what he was doing out with a gun, and he said, that he had been deer hunting all winter; but they all seemed so wild he had gathered no game, and was then out duck hunting. I continued to talk with him and found that he had some trouble on his brain; finally, he said that Jim Buford had been talking to his "wider" and had made him about half mad. You, Mr. Editor, being acquainted with both parties, know that they are both widowers, and if they are rivals as reported I fear that blood will be shed over the affair, but, gentlemen, and my good old friends, I beseech you to reflect and don't act too hastily; and, if possible, by all means avoid the shedding of blood.

Messrs. Coleman and Collins are selling goods at Sabula, and I think each gets a good share of the trade.

Mr. Coleman has a saw mill and does for war, and that being the first time I ever saw him carrying shooting irons, it puzzled me. When he got nearer, though, I saw at once it was my old, old friend. After a hearty shake, I inquired of him what he was doing out with a gun, and he said, that he had been deer hunting all winter; but they all seemed so wild he had gathered no game, and was then out duck hunting. I continued to talk with him and found that he had some trouble on his brain; finally, he said that Jim Buford had been talking to his "wider" and had made him about half mad. You, Mr. Editor, being acquainted with both parties, know that they are both widowers, and if they are rivals as reported I fear that blood will be shed over the affair, but, gentlemen, and my good old friends, I beseech you to reflect and don't act too hastily; and, if possible, by all means avoid the shedding of blood.

We have had very fine roads for lumbering this fall and winter until within the last week or so, but now we have plenty of mud with an occasional freeze.

Now, Mr. Editor, I do not wish to close without saying something about the dead man found near Sabula recently. I did not see the man, but learn that he was well dressed and had no appearance of a tramp, and was found about two miles from the railroad in the mountains. He had the appearance of having been dragged by the heels about fifty yards into a thicket of brush, which, I think, made some show of having been done by man; for if it had been a beast large enough to drag him, he would have been partly, if not wholly, eaten up. Now, in my opinion, there is only one of two conclusions to come to in the matter. The man was either crazy or murdered. And as the matter now stands we are in the dark as to how he came to his death. I do not wish to cast any reflections, whatever, on the Justice or jury for all they did. They did all things well and correctly so far as they had testimony, but they had no testimony except that the man was found dead. Now, Mr. Editor, if I was to ask how did that man get away off in the woods, would you say he was not crazy nor murdered, but most probably rambling through the strange mountains, where the brush is about ten feet high, looking at the country and got lost; and yet no man saw him

going either east or west in that direction. I am very sure what your answer would be, and that you would agree with me that the mystery was too great to let it rest without further investigation. And I shall speak for one of this vicinity, and believe that all the good citizens of this community will coincide with me in saying that the dead man should, by all means, be taken up and have a post mortem examination. If murdered we would then know the facts, and if murdered we ought to know it. Mr. Editor, a man in your position is supposed to know everything, and we would kindly ask you to give us a little law on this question of taking up the dead man and have him examined by your able doctors of Ironton.

Mr. Editor, when I seated myself to write, I did not expect to weary your patience with such a long piece, but knowing you to be so good natured, I will venture to say a little further. The good citizens of this end of the Creek all seem to be kind to each other. They sometimes have what they call a working, and the neighbors all turn out. This is more particularly practiced by those not able to accomplish their own work. After the "working and supper is over, then is the time for the young folks to have their fun.

You don't know the great number of pretty girls we have down here. I understand that Will C— says that he will not go back on the truth; that he did say he loved a pretty girl, and to save him he couldn't help it. I am told he has a certain path to travel, and that he keeps it so warm by his frequent travels, that the weather even yet has not been cold enough to freeze the ground.

Mr. Editor, I notice what you say about Dixie trip, and almost feel mad that you did not let me know you were going. I just know I would have enjoyed that trip with you, and especially that morning at Poplar Bluff when 'em cocktails came in.

Many other little items I might mention, but fear you will say that I have already said too much, unless it was better.

Oh, yes; I had about forgotten to say that little Ed, near Buford's mill, engaged himself to herd ducks next summer for a part of the eggs.

Feb'y 18, 1894. BIG CREEK.

["Alas! the Editor is gone, and the "Editor" with his multitudinous duties, never expected to be asked a legal question.]

Colored Society Notes.

Ed. Register.—The colored M. E. Church has been holding a revival meeting the past week and six converts were added to the church. Rev. Lockwood aided by Rev. Divers, of Fredericktown. The meeting closed Friday, and one and all voted Bro. Divers a "rattler."

Moses Lax is the proud father of a girl, which was born on the 17th. Mother and babe are doing well.

Rev. Lockwood went to Caledonia last Friday.

Mr. Editor I didn't have time this week to get all the news, but will do better in my next. UNCLE JOE.

La Grippe.

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past seasons it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs, and has cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free Trial Bottles at Crisp's Drug Store.

Obituary.

Mrs. JENNIE WELKER DALTON died at her home in Russellville, one mile east of Ironton, February 10th, 1894.

She was born near Farmington, Missouri, August 23d, 1859, and married James Dalton March 2d, 1875. They came to Ironton in July 1887, where they lived most of the time until her death. Having remained in Russellville only last September. She was a devoted wife and mother, a good neighbor and a consistent member of the M. E. Church.

Though a sufferer for many months from that dread disease, consumption, she was very hopeful of recovery, believing she would be spared to care for her children. But, when on the day before Christmas she realized there was no longer any hope, she felt resigned, knowing that God doeth all things well. Retaining consciousness to the last, she was not only ready, but anxious to be released.

The body attended by her husband, three sons and a few friends, was taken to her old home near Farmington and interred beside the little daughter, who preceded her just seven years to that "home" of which we are assured, "There shall be no more death neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

The sorrowing family have the sincerest sympathy of their many friends.

(Farmington papers please copy.)

Job-Work of all kinds at this office.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

# IT MUST BE A CLEAN SWEEP

## Corner Store

IN PILOT KNOB.

### I AM COMPELLED TO SELL OUT!

#### GOOD REASONS FOR IT!

I AM Compelled to Sell Everything on Hand, Independent of Cost. It MUST GO! Some lines, of course, are no longer complete, but there is good selection in others. Come with your

NICKELS, DIMES & DOLLARS.

You Will Receive Value Therefor

CHARLES MASCHMEYER.

# EVERYTHING GOING AT COST!

In order to make room for Spring Goods, we have decided to sell

## All Winter Goods at Cost!

### DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

## All Going at Actual Cost!

and, as the winter has been mild, we still have a Large Stock to select from.

D. F. REESE & BRO.

# BISHOP'S HARDWARE STORE!



South Side of Courthouse Square.

## STOVES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, HOUSEHOLD GOODS, TINWARE, QUEENSWARE AND CUTLERY. Agricultural Goods, PUMPS, PAINTS, &C.

Job-Work, Roofing and Guttering promptly done.

## ASTHMA. CROSBY'S SWEDISH ASTHMA CURE

Cures Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption where every other remedy has entirely failed. It gives immediate rest and relief in the most severe attacks, which cannot be obtained from any other remedy. Promotes sound refreshing sleep. No more smothering, distress or sleepless nights. A permanent cure assured in every curable case. Price \$1.00 of Druggists or by mail. Trial Package Mailed Free to any sufferer.

COLLINS BROS. MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Sole Proprietors.

For Sale by P. R. Crisp, Druggist.